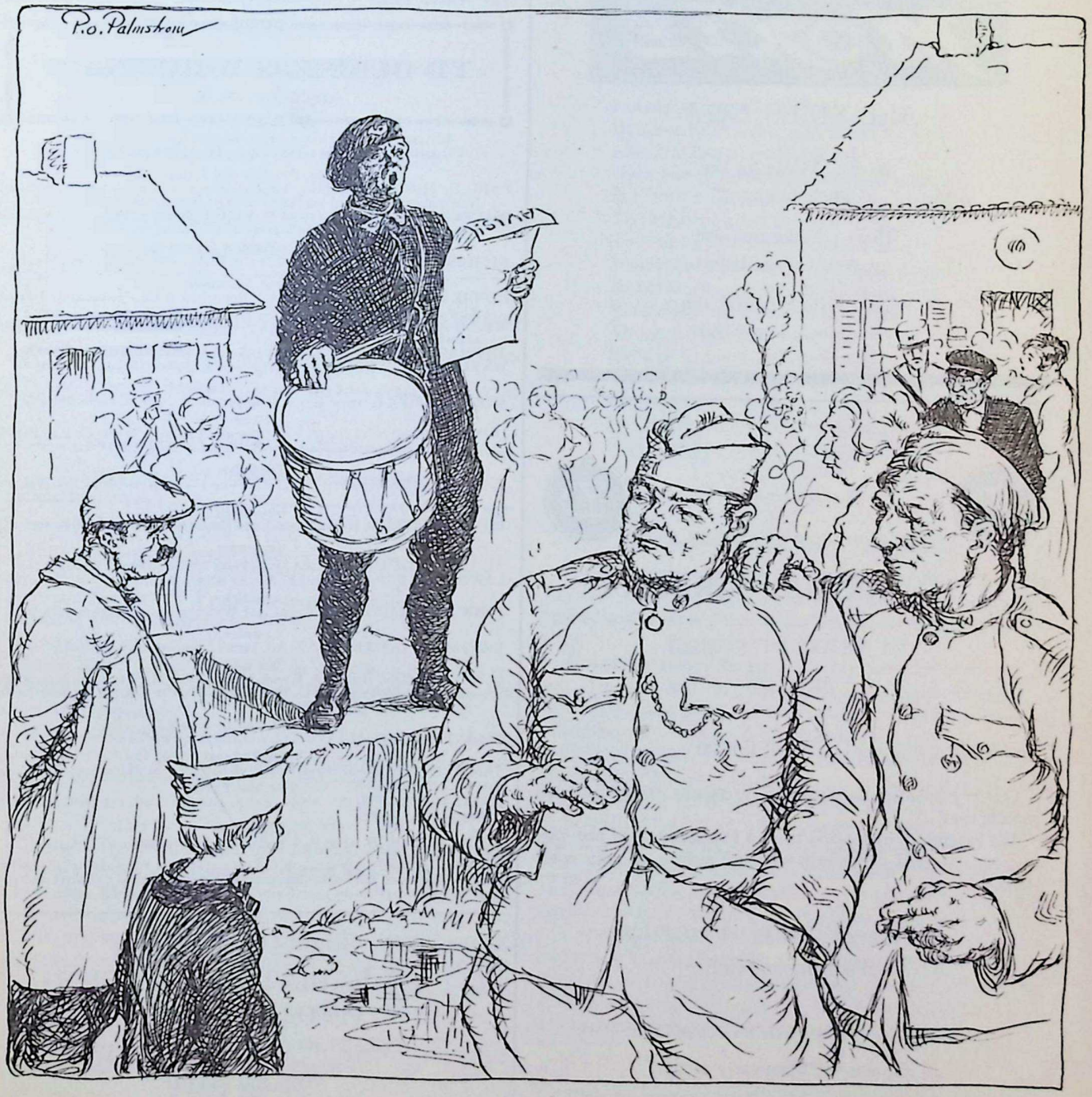
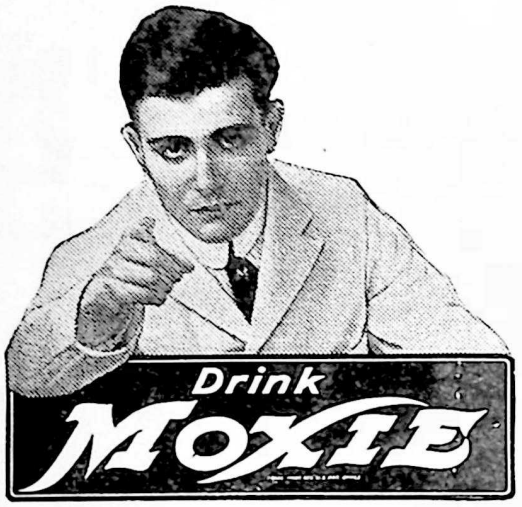
Yankee Doings

Vol. VII Boston, Mass. Nov., 1926 No. 10

YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS' ASSOCIATION





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This gives one an opportunity to keep before the YD public at a very low rate. Do not wait to be solicited; just send in your line or two lines and note that fifty-eight spaces on your typewriter make a line for this column.

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YANKEE DOINGS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION

200 HUNTINGTON AVENUE, BOSTON, MASS.

WILLIAM J. KEVILLE, *President*

PHILIP N. SANBORN, *Secretary and Editor*

SUBSCRIPTION FOR NON-MEMBERS OF ASSOCIATION, $1.00 PER YEAR

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

Send all communications to the Secretary

Entered as second class matter February 20, 1922, at the Post Office at Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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75 cents of the annual dues is applied as subscription to YANKEE DOINGS.

Copy for DOINGS must be in before the First

YD BOWLING LEAGUE

At 8 o'clock every Friday evening a small group of men gather at the YD alleys at 200 Huntington Avenue for the pleasure of bowling.

Small group—that's right—it is a small group and regardless of all notices and begging we do not seem to be able to make it any larger.

Why not? Are there not any fellows in or around the city that could afford to come in and fill up the league, or had they rather go down in some other alley and spend the evening alone?

The point is we want men, also *officers*.

The way the league stands now is very disappointing. We will be lucky next year to have any at all. Some spirit!—That's not YD Spirit.

The alleys are very clean and well kept.

The fellows bowling are all nice fellows and if anyone wants to bring the wife or sister along to watch or to bowl a few strings after the match, so much the better. I know some places you wouldn't think of that, but not so here.

"Let's Go."

And as we hear occasionally on the street.

"What kep' ya?"

—R. H. G.

"SAID A SOLDIER TO A SOLDIER"

(The Unknown)

While in your bed of solid rock
Let me just a few words talk,
To tell you how I think of you.
Since you answered war's curfew,
Flashes cross my memory stride;
I see you Soldier, true and tried,
With medal from the Highest Hand,
Another from the Chiefs of Land.
You're gone. You're not just carrying on,
You're starting anew on another morn,
For us down here you pave the way
For a greater and a sunnier day
When you and we join at retreat
Our hearts in cadence again to beat.

No space is too far to come to you,
God needed his due and asked for few
Like you to act as His liaison,
His court of great deeds to emblazon.
For Him I know good work you'll render
To carry on midst joy and splendor
To care for us some day who follow
When gladness changes our deepest sorrow.
So while you're there, for us preparing,
We'll carry on, for you'll be caring
About us here, so have no fear,
We'll do it front we know no rear,
And when the Candle gets too dim
We know you'll welcome us to Him.
So "Soldier Boy" keep marching on
We'll see you on that glorious morn.

—"I. M. VAN LEES"

THE NOVEMBER SMOKER

On Wednesday evening, October 20, in spite of the "Big Parade" coming just a week later, the usual big crowd turned out to attend the regular monthly smoker at the YD Club.

As a change from the movies of the last four or five smokers, the club had as a speaker Lieut. Colonel Girard L. McEntee from Headquarters of the 1st Army Corps, an officer already familiar to the YD Club.

Colonel McEntee's subject, "The Sudan Campaign," was discussed with many charts, maps, and pictures in his usual eloquent and graphic manner. The colonel has the rare gift of keeping a technical subject technical and yet injecting into it a surprising amount of human interest.

As an added attraction, the audience was favored with a visit from Major Arthur Prince, of the British Army, who chanced to be at Keith's Theatre that week. Major Prince is a ventriloquist of astounding ability. The chatter of his dummy, a typical British tar, was side splitting. The major kindly came to the club and gave his entire act after having given his two regular performances at the theatre.

The usual collation was served.

"There goes another life," cried the cat as it crawled out from under the steam roller.

BETWEEN OURSELVES

To our new readers: Greetings! May your tribe increase. YANKEE DOINGS welcomes you as readers. It has fond hopes for you as contributors. Boost if you can. Knock if you must. Anything but silence. If your trumpets are in moth balls, trot out the hammers. Like any good anvil, the harder we're hit the brighter we shine. DOINGS is (or are) DOINGS. It's the only one of its kind,—(which is probably a blessing). It tries to be the common meeting ground of the high hat and the brown derby, the forum in which highbrows and lowbrows exchange views. We've discussed the foreign debt and cooties, world peace and wet feet, war memorials and condiment cans, Congressional medals and pipe tobacco. And yet there seems to be no incongruity (please note $5.00 word). Everything interests somebody, some things interest everybody. What more could be asked?

* * * *

A tourist just returned from Europe was being quizzed by eager friends. "What did you think of Rome?" asked one. "Rome, let me see now," scratching his noodle, "the only thing I remember about Rome was a dog fight I saw there. But," he added as an afterthought, "it was a darn good dog fight." He had missed out on St. Peter's and the Coliseum. But,—those of his party who had seen those things had missed a darn good dog fight. Like some of us. Kilmer and MacRae saw the mighty drama of epic conflict; little old John Buck Private saw large quantities of mud on his hobnails and cussed away while he sat down and dug it off with a bayonet. Such earthly mindedness is deplored by some. But not by us. If we had all been cast in the same mould, YANKEE DOINGS might have resembled the "Atlantic Monthly," "Zion's Herald," or Captain Billy's "Whizzbang," as the case might be. As things are, it has a chance to be itself. Which may not be much, but it is something.

The best issues ever printed (if any) were those in which the greatest number of birds sounded off in unison. It may be an effort to sit down and dash off a few lines. But it's worth it. Part of every reader's job is to let us know he's living, even if it is only to tell us how rotten we are. That favorite anecdote of all your overseas experiences, that biggest "kick" of all your wartime thrills, that boisterous all-night party in some cafe. Man alive, you're as full of good stories as an issue slicker full of holes. Spill 'em to an eager world. We've told all ours long ago.

* * * *

The old-timers have been inoculated with this line of bunk so long they're immune. Their fountain pens are frozen and their typewriters hog tied. You couldn't blast a story out of them with a depth bomb. It's up to you new members. This is your paper. Make yourself a part of it. If you were one upon whom the flickering green horizon out across the parapet on some rainy midnight left its indelible imprint of desolation, if to your eyes a tiny hamlet nestled between the hills as it caught the last sunset rays never ceased to be a source of peace and contentment, do not be afraid to tell your story. For we too have seen and felt these things. If your memory clings to the bushels of spuds you peeled for going A. W. O. L., or the quality of the cognac in Madame's corner cafe, be assured that you are just as welcome. For we too have peeled spuds and gone A. W. O. L. And as to cognac, say listen, we'll tell you a place where——.

* * * *

The only story ever turned down was a birth announcement carrying with it the refutation of certain doubts expressed in France as to the proud father's full quota of equipment for potential paternity.

STILL ON GUARD

EDITOR OF YANKEE DOINGS:

One must in true justice to the "Grand Old Man" give due and thoughtful consideration to his ever-watchful eye wherein matters concerning ex-soldiers is to be found. There has never, to my knowledge, been any matter of consequence come to the public eye that affected the ex-soldiers that the old General has not been right at the front, standing by to see that every man got his just deserts, forever using his influence for the good of someone. Never to the writer's knowledge has a word of condemnation been heard from anyone whether concerning the army or as a citizen, regarding, shall we say in view of his broad-mindedness, "A Citizen of the World!"

This ever-watchful waiting of the "Old Man" was quickly to the forefront in the Sunday papers, wherein he stoutly defended the preference allowed the ex-service men over civilians concerning Civil Service appointments. Needless for me to copy his words, as doubtless every one has read the article to his own satisfaction and heartily agrees with the General.

Would that we had more men like General Edwards to watch and guide the destinies of the ex-service man. Well, if the General wants to be President, just let him say the word and the old YD will go over the top on time and see that he makes his P. C. for a few years in the White House. Much as we admire President Coolidge, we would much prefer to have the "Old Man" handling the destinies of the nation, and with the old gang behind him we can be cock of the roost.

—"DIABLO"

Professor (in an Engineering class)—"What's a dry dock?"

Student—"A physician who won't give out prescriptions."

ATTACK FORMATION!

As this issue goes to press, the YD Club of Boston is in the throes of an elemental upheaval. An eleven day drive for members is on. It comes to a close at 11.00 P. M. on the 11th of November. The day this is written is the first day of the drive, and already the increase in membership has brought the total a long way above last year's mark. By the time you read these pages the drive will be history. All we can venture is a prophecy. Present indications are that the drive will net an increase of at least 50% in resident membership, bringing the total up to a higher mark than it has been in the last four years.

CARROLL SWAN, President of the Club, ably assisted by BILL SNYDER, the Secretary and Manager, and with the advice and help of the Board of Governors has organized a skeleton regiment. President Swan, himself, due to the insistence of the Board, is acting as Colonel. There are five Majors: JIMMIE ROSE, who has charge of the 101st Infantry; BILL BROWN, who is responsible for the Signal Corps, Div. Hdqtrs., Hdqtrs. Troop Trains, M. P.'s, Trench Mortar Battery, Mob. Ord. Repair Shop, and the three M. G. Battalions; HOWARD SANDERSON, in command of the three Artillery regiments; RAY CABOT, who has charge of the 102d and 103d Infantry; and RALPH EASTMAN, who is responsible for the Engineers and the 104th Infantry. Each of these Majors has a staff of Captains and Lieutenants who may draft such sergeants, mule skinners and dog robbers as they need in order to make personal contact with every YD man in Greater Boston who is not a member of the Club.

The system is this: the Colonel will receive daily reports from his five Majors, they in turn from their Captains, and so on down the line. Each man setting forth after members is armed with sufficient propaganda, both printed and oral, to overcome any objections, and in addition is supplied with cards bearing the names of just what men he is to contact. To carry out this scheme has necessitated a vast amount of work of which every one has cheerfully borne his share, but when it comes down to the last analysis, the gold medals go to Carroll Swan and Bill SNYDER. If you want to know what work means, you only need to see these two right now.

The big feature of the whole campaign is the list of prizes which enthusiastic members of the Division have put forward as inducements to greater effort. Look 'em over. Next month we'll be able to tell you the names of the lucky winners. First of all, let it be understood that the Board of Governors, by its own request, declared its members ineligible to compete for the prizes. Every other member of the Division, with the exception of employees of the Club, is eligible. Here they are:

1. IN MEMORY OF JOHN W. WEEKS PRIZE. A trip to France during the American Legion Convention in 1927, with traveling expenses paid. This prize shall be drawn by lot from the names of all men who get 15 or more new resident members.

2. JOCK MALONE PRIZE. A 20-Jewel Waltham Watch will be awarded to the man getting the greatest number of non-resident members. Donated by Jock Malone, who wished to be nameless, but to no avail.

3. A set of platinum cuff links (value $35.00). To be awarded to the man getting the greatest number of resident members.

4. A ten-dollar Gillette Safety Razor. To be awarded to the man getting the second greatest number of resident members.

5 and 6. Two five-dollar Gillette Safety Razors to the men getting the third and fourth greatest number of resident members.

A great number of other prizes have been donated, whose disposal will be decided before the end of the drive. These include several sets of the "Memoirs of Colonel House," several copies of Emerson G. Taylor's "New England in France,"a coffee percolator, fifteen sets of shaving brushes and soap, donated by Bill Brown, a number of pairs of Boston garters, etc., etc.

Here's the way the outfits line up at the beginning of the drive:

Organization	*Members on October 20*	*Preliminary Skirmish Oct. 20 to 31 Inclusive*
101st Infantry	77	24
102d Infantry	5	0
103d Infantry	18	3
104th Infantry	41	5
101st Field Artillery	63	9
102d Field Artillery	19	2
103d Field Artillery	9	0
101st M. G. Battalion	1	0
102d M. G. Battalion	25	3
103d M. G. Battalion	2	0
101st Engineers	123	14
101st Amm. Tr.	11	5
101st Supply Train	6	0
101st Field Sig. Bn.	30	3
101st San. Tr.	18	4
101st Tr. Hdqtrs. & M. P.	8	2
Div. Hdqtrs. & Hdqtrs. Troop	28	1
101st Trench Mortar	0	0
101st Mob. Ord. Rep.	0	0
51st and 52d Brig. Hdqtrs.	3	0
TOTAL	487	75

FIRST CLASS IN FRENCH

For the benefit of the men who expect or hope that they will get to France next year with the Legion, Major Paul Keller, who served with the French Foreign Legion, will give a course in French, one night a week, at the YD Club, provided enough men make application.

The course will continue until just before the pilgrimage to Paris, and will be free to any member of the YD Club.

If you are interested, drop a line to GEORGE W. TWOMBLY, care YD Club of Boston, 200 Huntington Avenue, Boston.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE OLD AND NEW YD VETS

It was my pleasure and gratification recently to witness a drill of the old outfit with which I was once affiliated. It certainly did bring back fond memories to see them so smartly execute all those movements which cannot fail to bring a thrill to any ex-soldier. Also, it was gratifying to witness the number of old-timers who still are in the ranks, and, surprising to say, quite a few of them are privates. The fact that there were so many such impelled me to question a friend of mine after the drill and this was the response:

> "We, the men who are carrying on the old YD were mostly youngsters when the war was on, and naturally, could not get into the fracas, while the Vets did get in and now won't let us forget that they each and every one of them was an outstanding hero. This is all very well; in the beginning we treated them with the utmost respect, and applauded them for what they had done. But it is the same old story; the applause went to their heads; mind you I do not mean all, as some of them who are still non-coms are regular fellows, and in a nice way give us the benefit of their experiences, and night after night, when drill was over, we would gather in the Company room and listen to their stories until we came to the conclusion that no mortal man could do some of the stunts they claimed to have accomplished. In fact, it seemed that one was trying to outdo the other, and some most amazing stories were told. None of them that did the talking had received any decorations and all gave the excuse that someone else received their decorations in error. Our top-kicker received two decorations from France and one from the United States, and we never knew what he got them for,—so you can see the difference.
>
> "Naturally, the majority of them held non-commissioned offices when the new outfits were formed and we profited by their experiences, but after we got the hang of things, we just naturally began to give them the quiet "Ha-ha," and consequently, they could not maintain the discipline that was in their office. The top-kicker saw the reason immediately, and as a result, I hold the rank of sergeant, with but two years service in the new YD, formerly held by a Vet. It is too bad that the good fellows must suffer along with those who love to talk. I will give you my honest and sincere version of the reason why the ex-service man today is not as popular as in the past. A few of the ex-service men have undermined the popularity of the Vets, by their continual bragging."

It is indeed regrettable that this is the case, but from time to time this has been verified by others. Let us hope that this may come to the attention of some of those who are at fault, although I for one doubt very much if they are members of the YD Club. Some of them have made some very harsh remarks concerning the Club, and, in my mind, are classed as renegades. We are all brothers, and let us hope that some of us may be fortunate in showing them their errors.

—"DIABLO"

An Irish cop hauled two prisoners, one Scotch and the other Jewish, into the psychopathic ward at Bellevue and wanted them held for observation.

"I see nothing wrong with them," objected the interne.

"I know they're nuts and ought to be restrained," said the policeman. "I found the Scotchman throwing dollar bills away and the Jew was picking them up and giving them back."

FOR YOUR WAR LIBRARY

"The History of the 101st U. S. Engineers," a substantial volume of 357 pages, profusely illustrated, has already received advance notice in these pages.

The book is now an accomplished fact, and we have spent several hours of a particularly rainy and disagreeable Sunday afternoon in retracing our footsteps, through its pages, from one familiar spot to another, each incident related recalling to mind a score of others.

Many an episode of which the buck private heard only distant rumblings is now clarified and explained. What Headquarters did with their spare moments, how much truth there was in the talk of "spies" in the Toul sector, what occasioned the grand and glorious mix-up in arriving at our proper destinations when taking over that sector; all of these and many more things were deep and dark mysteries to the man in the line, but are now cleared up.

Especially fine are the accounts of the A Company bridge detail on the Chemin des Dames, where the first men of the regiment were lost in action, and for whose part in which Lieut. Cornelius Beard received the Distinguished Service Cross and the Croix de Guerre; and the story of the "Million Dollar Raid" at Richecourt by one of the participants.

The very great difficulty, peculiar to a history of Engineer troops, of carrying forward with any degree of continuity accounts of the activities of the several companies, which were always scattered about in a dozen or more places, has been overcome in an admirable manner. As an example, an entire chapter has been devoted to the work (and play) of B and C Companies at Bazoilles and Orquevaux, while the rest of the regiment was on the Chemin des Dames. The following chapter picks up the account of the other companies as they arrived at the front, and carries it forward until the whole regiment rejoined prior to taking over la Reine sector northwest of Toul.

No man of the regiment will be able to say that his company has been slighted or that it has received an undue share of the glory. Even Headquarters comes in for its hour in the sun in the splendidly realistic account of the immortal "Battle of Boucq." The old army standby, "Joe L—", is not forgotten and plays a prominent part upon many occasions.

The book strikes a happy medium between being a history and a story. As a history, while it is authentic and painstaking in its adherence to truth and accuracy, yet it has not the official style of, for instance, Taylor's "New England in France." It makes no effort to trace down the causes or the reasons for certain actions or the sources of the orders calling for them. If we were to be at all critical, we would say that as a story it fails, except in isolated spots, to capitalize the dramatic significance of the thousands of momentous and spectacular situations of those epic days. It is somewhat lacking in descriptive material or interesting personal incidents which would serve better to conjure up before the eyes of the non-military reader a clear picture of life in trench or billet.

The press work is beautiful, and the many sketches by Palmstrom, Bagnall and Fisher are a delight. The maps by Lt.-Col. Bartlett are a notable feature. All in all, if there was not another to be had, we should not part with our copy for any sum. It is a book which every Engineer should own and which a great many men of other regiments will be glad to possess.

THE PARADE OF THE AMERICAN LEGION AT PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 12, 1926

By John M. McCullough

Although YANKEE DOINGS is not a Legion publication, we feel that the following account of the great parade, taken from the Philadelphia "Inquirer," is a masterly piece of descriptive writing which every ex-soldier in the nation will find joy in reading.

The "boys who came back" marched yesterday.

Down through the golden sunlight of an early fall afternoon they marched, and a giant hand tore away eight years from the minds of those who lined the streets.

Again the legions were marching to battle—gay, defiant, strong, gaunt. The war was before them—before them death, injury, agony of body and soul.

Those thousands of the American Legion who strode so proudly down the Parkway, down Broad Street between the cheering thousands, were accompanied step by step by spectral, gaunt-eyed, blood-stained men—the men who sleep in Flanders Field, the men whose mortal bodies have gone to enrich the immortal fields of France and of Belgium —the men who didn't come back.

THOUSANDS CHEER MARCHERS

Not one of those who stood on the sidewalks and cheered the men who filed past, post on post, who seemed to find in life so much of good fellowship and jollity, could repress the thoughts of those horrible months in 1917 and 1918, when each shifting tide of battle meant that other hundreds of those whom they had wished God-speed on the troop trains, had "gone west."

And like a thread of gold wound through the fabric of that parade, ran that solemn promise of the Legion, contained in its Constitution, "for God and country—to preserve the memories and incidents of the Great War— to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy."

As the figures of those men dissolved like a dazing mist, the years of peace and of plenty, the years of forgetfulness that have gone, so the melodies which the bands struck up acted like a tonic, like a rude draught, which brought back again, despite the years, the days when the youth of America cast aside its games, its peaceful pursuits, and went away to die.

The airs they played. These were the same brave songs which men sang to gaily going into battle, which women sang with the knowledge that out beyond the seas their own, bone of their bone, blood of their blood, were struggling for life and liberty.

The giant bowl of the Stadium filled rapidly, and long before 2.30 o'clock, the time when the parade was expected to enter the grounds, the shady nooks under the press box in the west stands were thronged. At least 35,000 people were gathered in the stands.

The sky was filled with aerial navies. Seven mighty Martin bombers roared ponderously across the sky toward the North, trailed by three others; a covey of De Havilands, and an alert smudge of pursuit ships, to welcome the navy operated "Los Angeles," which appeared as a faint streak of silver in the haze over Kensington.

The plucky little dirigible, the TC-5, which escaped destruction only by virtue of master airmanship over Lake Michigan, was prowling around in the lower atmospheres above the Sesqui grounds.

Lieutenant Gene Batten, the peerless sky writer of the Sesqui-Centennial air force, vaulted far into the heavens until the fuselage of his plane was a mere pin point against the azure, and then painstakingly wrote, "Paris in 1927." Such Legionnaires as there were present in the Stadium bellowed hoarsely and lifted their overseas caps in salute to LaBelle France and gay Paree.

MARTIAL SPIRIT OF LEGIONNAIRES THRILLS PULSING SPECTATORS

Abruptly, suddenly, a silence fell upon the crowd. A reverent silence, which proved conclusively for all time that the the American people remember—remember beyond the outward show of wraths, triumphal parades and the noise of orators.

It was the little, red Renault taxi-cab presented to the national headquarters of the American Legion by the French War Veterans. It is the last survivor of that fleet of sputtering little cars which rushed the French poilus from the city of Paris to the crimson battle front at the Marne in 1914, turning back forever the Hun hordes which had threatened to overrun "Papa" Joffre and his thin red line of heroic Gauls. At its wheel sat Sedley Prek, Paris Post No. 1, calmly puffing away on his long stemmed pipe.

The martial spirit, that pulsing irresistible urge which makes men stand rigid when the colors pass, was creeping into the spectators. West Virginia swept past, her band blaring "Over there, Over there." Who could resist the tremendous uplift of the picture that was unfolding before the eyes of the throng? Here Wyoming, there Colorado, with broad brimmed sombreros, then the Legionnaires of the canal zone, in their white ducks and pith helmets; beyond the mountaineers of Virginia, already peopling the stands, the Floridans. Instinctively there sprang to mind the words of the great orator—"Now and forever, one and indivisible."

From the North and South, East and West, they had come, answering the call of an anguished humanity.

One of the most amazing floats in the parade was that of the same delegation. For almost the entire course of the Stadium field, the spectators thought that the figures on the float were carved from bronze. On the front of a wall were three colonials, in tattered garments, the minute men at Lexington. On the rear of the float, three doughboys, one standing to hurl a grenade, another leveling his Springfield, and a third just throwing the bolt of his gun. The sextette of figures were painted head and feet with bronze paint and

the crowd was positive that the figures were made of wood, covered with bronze.

GRAY SHADOWS SLOWLY CREEP OVER STADIUM AS LINE SWEEPS ON

The great horseshoe of the Stadium was beginning to be invaded by the lengthening shadows. The airplanes were drifting away on the smoke-dimmed horizon, homeward bound. The city to the north was retreating into the twilight gloom.

But on they came, those men of '17 and '18, tirelessly, arrayed in all the colors of the rainbow though bearing but three, the regal Red, White and Blue.

Grenadier guards, zouaves, chasseurs, civilians, stalwart and crippled, tanned and pale, but warriors all. Civilians once. Then soldiers, the mighty men of that "army of clerks and shopkeepers," of which the Imperial German high command spoke so contemptuously. Now, civilians all, back from the wars, plying their various lives, back amid the peace and the prosperity of a welcoming land.

Beyond the gates, close massed there showed the beautiful massed colors of the Department of Pennsylvania, more than three hundred in number. It was throat gripping, that display of Old Glory, for which brave men have died, are dying now in the wards of Veterans Bureau Hospitals; will die far on in the unnumbered years of the future, should occasion demand and country call.

Twilight came, and with it a chill damp, but still the colorful line of the parade swept on.

There came the crackle of rifle fire, and a float rumbled in the gate, representing a "heavy," and crouched about its emplacement a group of soldiers, machine gunners and snipers. Behind it was a group of soldiers, clad in khaki, deploying in skirmish formation. In the dusk, the flame leaped from the rifle barrels, as the men pushed on, now crouching, now erect, now throwing themselves prone on the ground, as a supposed machine gun fire swept them from its covert. It was realistic almost to the point of tragedy. About the necks of the "doughboys" were gas masks. Some had their tunics open at the throat, others limped painfully, now and again one would plunge to the earth, only to struggle painfully to his feet and stagger on, working at the bolt of his rifle as he did so. The crowd didn't applaud.

ALMOST TOO REAL

The only sound was the roll of the drums that had gone before and the spiteful bark of the rifles, which awoke the echoes in the great concrete horseshoe. This was too real—too terribly much like the tragedy enacted on a thousand fields—the throng liked to remember the war, but not so horribly as that. They saw in those staggering, determined men the boys who fell at Fismes, at Chateau Thierry, and in the sodden shambles of the Argonne.

Darkness had fallen. Three hours the parade had been passing. The flood lights in the Stadium winked on, dissipating the gloom from the stands. Yet in the darkness beyond the Stadium the light danced on steel helmets, on burnished bugles,—brought out the richness of approaching standards.

On the gridiron the Philadelphia Quakers were running through their plays. The glistening ball passed back and forth in graceful arcs. There was simply an enhancement of the very idea impressed by the parade. On one hand, gay exuberant youth, engaged in its peace-time pursuits, on the other, war, tragedy, death.

CONGRESSMAN ANDREW ON THE WAR DEBTS

EDITOR OF YANKEE DOINGS:

The growing number of your readers who feel perturbed about the Allied debts will be interested to learn of the action taken upon this question by the American Legion at the National Convention in Philadelphia last week.

The subject came before the convention on two occasions. First, in a report presented by the committee on foreign affairs, which was unanimously adopted by the convention, and which stated:—

That the following principles should govern settlements of the inter-Allied debts:

That adjustments of inter-Allied debts should not be permitted to disrupt or disturb those friendly and cordial relations and that spirit of mutual understanding and helpfulness which existed between the Allied and Associated Nations during the World War, to preserve which, now and in the future, is essential to world peace;

That every country in the world is concerned with the economic stability of every other country, world prosperity and good relations between nations and peoples;

That fair and economic adjustments of inter-Allied debts are consistent with the principles that brought the Allied and Associated Nations together and sustained their solidarity in the World War, as well as with the world conscience and world responsibility;

That the relative sacrifices sustained in a common cause, as well as financial and economic ability to pay, should be taken into account in the adjustments of inter-Allied debts;

That if experience shall prove to a creditor Nation that any adjustment as made is contrary to the above principles, there should be a recommendation of such adjustment.

Reference to the French debt in particular was implied in the resolution unanimously adopted after the decision had been made to hold next year's convention in Paris, and which was sent as a message to all associations of World War veterans in France. It reads as follows:

The representatives of the American Legion in national convention assembled at Philadelphia, during the 150th Anniversary of our Independence, mindful that that Independence was achieved with the loyal aid of France, and keenly conscious of the ties of World War comradeship, send greetings to their French brothers-in-arms. Eagerly we look forward to renewing close, personal affiliations through the pilgrimage which will mark the tenth anniversary of our arrival in France.

Aware of the onerous problems which the war has left in its trail, we earnestly hope that where these problems involve international relations, they will be solved in the same spirit of partnership that animated both Nations in their hours of joint peril. We pray that the torch of Faith lighted on the battlefields of France will continue to burn undimmed.

If Congress makes its own the spirit of the American Legion as voiced in these resolutions, we may well hope that the war debt settlements will not remain to embarrass the world for three generations yet to come.

Gloucester, Oct. 23. —A. PIATT ANDREW

Skinny Chorine—"Gee! I wish I was a star."

Perfect 36 Chorine—"'You'd look better, dearie, if you was a little meteor."

DID IT GO OVER!

What a night! The biggest affair since "The Old Man Stepped Out." Not since that historic occasion has such a multitude of the wearers of the YD gathered together under one roof. What more need be said? Considered by himself, an individual Yank is not much different from any other citizen; let two or three congregate in one place and there's no mistaking them; pack a thousand of them into a hall, and the old marching spirit, the old mischievous deviltry, the old genial comradeship, burst into being as spontaneously as though civies replaced O. D. yesterday instead of nearly eight years ago. You can almost see that YD chevron on every shoulder.

For the sake of those who were not there, the night was October 27; the place, the First Corps of Cadets Armory; the occasion, the only private showing of the super-war picture of all ages, "The Big Parade," with the exception of that given to the President of the United States and to the Secretary of War. Did the old crowd enjoy it? Did they?

One look into that huge drill hall (we arrived late, after most everybody was there) and one had no need of assurance that here were all the makings of a large night. In less than three minutes we had spotted a dozen faces not seen for years, some not since that last morning at Devens. A hundred and fifty baby reunions were in a constant state of confusion and noise in a hundred and fifty different spots, as some hitherto unnoticed buddy was glimpsed and hailed with a shout of recognition.

Up front, under the screen, Emmett O'Brien's band was doing its best to earn a night's pay, but not a note could be heard through the din and clamour of a thousand vociferous greetings as old pals met again.

Over to the left surrounding the beautiful silk flag of its club, was a delegation from the YD Club of Portland, Maine, who had motored up for the occasion

No discord or disorder, no rough-house or rowdyism, just the overflowing spirits of a thousand men who had once more in imagination donned ill-fitting O. D. blouses, outlandish overseas caps, and hastily wrapped spirals.

We were together again!

THE "OLD MAN"

A bugle. Momentary silence. What *was* that call? Keen ears have dulled in eight years. Ah, of course,—"General's Call." All eyes were turned toward the door. Yes, there was no mistaking the tall, white-haired figure in black, being escorted to the front by President Swan. "The Old Man." And the cheer that went up tested the strength of those eight-foot granite walls.

A measure of silence gradually obtained,—very gradually in fact. There is a lot to be talked over after eight years,—and eventually Carroll Swan was able to make himself heard beyond the front row.

He explained the threefold purpose of the meeting; first, to revive interest in the Division and stimulate membership in the YD Club; second, in aid of the Overseas Memorial Fund; and third, to give the boys a gang-up evening's entertainment. He concluded by presenting General Edwards, who was acclaimed with three cheers and a tiger, as he stood at salute on the edge of an army truck, as a platform.

You who were there know what he said. It will bear repeating—"Every man of the fifty thousand that passed through the ranks of the Yankee Division should belong to the YD Club. It is a club that every man should feel it an honor to join." Think it over. The Old Man's orders were usually O. K. When you sign up a new member you are giving him the greatest favor he ever received. The General closed by calling for a moment's silence for the comrades who made the great sacrifice. Every man jumped to attention. The great hall was plunged in utter darkness. From the far distance came the soldier's call to slumber, be it temporal or eternal, the slow, sweet notes of Taps. As the last note died away another bugle, in some distant part of the Armory, picked up the echo. How many pictures passed before those thousand minds there in the darkness?

THE BIG PARADE

"Mademoiselle from Armentieres, parley-vous," came the familiar tune as the orchestra got into action. The melody had been improved somewhat by the composers of the orchestral score, but it was the old "Parley-vous" all right, and it recurred again and again throughout the scenes that followed.

And here let us pause to pay tribute to Emmett O'Brien and his orchestra. With but a single rehearsal, they carried through the entire accompaniment just as written for the picture with all its difficult synchronization. "All the fixin's," such as the imitation of the hum of planes, the bursting of shells, the rat-tat-tat of machine guns, and the roar of trucks was made possible by the hearty co-operation of the property man of the Majestic Theatre, Mr. Kalhoun, who with his son scoured the city for the suitable noise-makers, and then spent the evening in operating them. Mr. Hayes, chief electrician of the Majestic, also did the utmost in his power to make everything a success. Their work increased a hundredfold the realism of the picture.

As scene after scene revealed familiar episodes in the life of each and every one of us, the audience was transformed as if by a magic wand back to the days over there. We had seen the picture before,—twice before in fact,—but never before had we felt that electric thrill in the air. These men all around us were there, too. How spontaneous the laughter how eloquent the silences!

OVERSEAS MEMORIAL

Between the two halves of the film, General Sherburne made a plea for the Overseas Memorial and introduced Colonel Keville, who has just returned from France. The colonel made an eloquent address, appealing to every man to get behind the memorial project and put it across. He spoke of the absence of 26th Division markers on the ground it made famous. So far, only 1,600 men out of 50,000 have contributed. Is this the high esteem in which we hold the glory of our name?

At this time also, members of the YD Post, A. L., circulated through the audience distributing copies of YANKEE

DOINGS, membership literature and subscription blanks to the Overseas Memorial. They were dressed in the Post uniform, blue smocks and blue velvet tams.

The second part of the film gripped the throats of those men who had been through those same tragic and desperate hours.

Pages—yes volumes—could be written of the picture alone. Let us only say at the last fade out and the sudden lighting up of the hall, we shook ourselves out of a trance back into the year 1926.

We do not always have such nights as this. But we do have monthly smokers where you will meet old friends. And, thanks to the energy of Carroll Swan and the efficiency of Hugh Brinkley of the Entertainment Committee the show is always worth seeing or hearing.

One man is almost solely responsible for our getting "The Big Parade." Ben Ticknor left no stone unturned and he surely must have felt that his diligence was rewarded in seeing the enjoyment of the men.

Let us not think of this night as an event alone, but as an indication of the energy and enthusiasm with which the YD Club is coming into its own.

THE SECRETARY

If he's young.....*He's a greenhorn.*
If he's old.....*He's a fogy.*
If he's short.....*He's a shrimp.*
If he's tall.....*He's a gawk.*
If he's thin.....*He's a stiff.*
If he's fat.....*He's a slob.*
If he dresses well.....*He's a fop.*
If he doesn't.....*He's rummy.*
If he's quiet.....*He's a mope.*
If he's sociable.....*He's fresh.*
If he smiles.....*He's a nut.*
If he's grave.....*He's a dumbell.*
If he comes early.....*He's afraid of his job.*
If he reads all the communications.....*He's a nuisance.*
If he doesn't.....*He's soldiering.*
If he's obliging.....*He's a foxy guy.*
If he isn't.....*He's a grouch.*
If he sends out notices.....*He's wasting postage.*
If he doesn't.....*He's rotten.*
If he buys tickets for everything-*He's a mark.*
If he doesn't.....*He's a nickel nurser.*
If he writes a letter.....*It's too long.*
If he sends a postal.....*It's too short.*
If he goes to a committee meeting.....*He's butting in.*
If he stays away.....*He's a shirker.*
If the crowd is slim.....*He should have called the members out.*
If he calls them out.....*He's a pest.*
If he duns members for dues....*He's insulting.*
If he doesn't collect them.....*He's lazy.*
If the meeting is a success.....*The Entertainment Committee is praised.*
If it's a failure.....*The Secretary is to blame.*
If he asks for suggestions.....*He's incompetent*
If he doesn't.....*He's bull-headed.*

Ashes to ashes
And dust to dust,
If the others won't do it
The Secretary must.

A. P. O. 709

GUNNAR LUNDQUIST (101st Field Sig. Bn.) and Miss Hulda M. Johnson of Dorchester were married on September 26. Since their honeymoon in Washington, D. C., they have been residing in Wollaston.

DANIEL BIDWELL, Military Editor of The Hartford (Conn.) *Times*, gave some very valuable space to the Division Memorial in all editions of that paper under date of November 1. We appreciate Mr. Bidwell's generosity in offering to print anything at all that will in any way help the Memorial along.

HENRY E. DERMODY, JR. (Co. M, 102nd Inf.) advises us to stop at the Wendell Hotel whenever we go to Greenfield. Last Summer, when all hotels were filled and not a room was to be had at the above mentioned hotel, Henry showed his YD Club membership card—what did it get him? A good, clean and comfortable spare room!

Because of changing his location several times in the South since 1919, LESLIE W. CONNOR has lost complete touch with the division, so much so in fact that he did not know until last month that we published a little paper called YANKEE DOINGS. Just as soon as he received the copy that we sent, he realized that he had been missing a great deal, so he forthwith enclosed money for membership. Connor, who was with the 103d Ambulance Co., is now living at the Florence Hotel, Birmingham, Alabama.

YD CLUB FLAG

At a meeting of the Board of Governors on November 1, it was voted that the YD Club, of Boston, adopt for its official flag the design already adopted by the YD Club, of Portland, Maine, the only change to be the substitution of "Boston, Massachusetts" for "Portland, Maine."

Members of the Portland Club brought their flag up to the "Big Parade" at the Cadet Armory and it met with the approval of the members of the Board. It is similar to the French tri-color, except that the central white is diamond shape, bearing on it the blue YD monogram. Across the top will be the inscription "YD Club of Boston" and across the bottom, "Boston, Massachusetts."

The YD Auxiliary is giving this flag to the club and has been patiently waiting for us to decide on a design.

YES, HE DID!

An old maid who lived in a London suburb, was shocked at the language used by the men repairing the telephone wires near her house.

She wrote to the company about it, and the foreman was asked to report.

This he did in the following way:

"Me and Bill Fairweather were on this job. I was up the telephone pole and accidentally let the hot lead fall upon Bill. It went down his neck. Then he said, 'You really must be more careful, Harry'."

SEEING QUAKERTOWN "IN HIGH"

On the afternoon of Saturday, the second day of October, in the Year of Our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-six, your editor was accosted on the streets of Boston by a friend whose name is not unfamiliar to readers of YANKEE DOINGS. It transpired in the course of a spirited conversation around a festive glass-top table, from which we each partook of a "thousand-on-a-plate," that the following week was to find us each on a furlough from daily toil. It was agreed that we spend it together. To our next question, "Where?" the only reply the poet would vouchsafe was, "Anywhere,—in the interest of friendship, benevolence and economy,—and the greatest of these is economy."

After debating the comparative merits of another pilgrimage to Quebec or a week of blissful solitude at a humble lodge in some vast wilderness, it was decided that greater benefit would accrue to our immortal and patriotic souls were we to hie ourselves to the City of Brotherly Love for the purpose of fraternizing with kindred spirits of the American Legion, in National Convention assembled.

An idle passerby, strolling along Atlantic Avenue late Sunday afternoon, would have beheld a frantic editor pacing the pier of the New York steamship line as the crew made ready to cast off the lines; and at exactly 4.59¾ would have been rewarded by the sight of a nonchalant maker of verses, who sauntered unconcernedly up the plank as if there were hours to spare.

The sail to Gotham provided an interim of relaxation for two turbulent souls who were destined to need all the accumulated rest they could procure. As traveling companions we had several hundred native New Yorkers and half a dozen Americans.

In the morning, after consuming a stack of wheats and two "oofs sunnyside up," we spent half a day in viewing the alterations which Gothamites are engaged in perpetrating on their fair metrolopus. In the words of the poet, "it ought to be quite a place when they finish it."

At 2.00 o'clock, retrieving our respective great coats and satchels which had erstwhile been parked at the deppo of the Pennsy Railroad, we hopped a flier for Philly. Once there, George's only concern in life was to establish liaison with one BILL AVERY (101st Supply Tr.), and considerable time was consumed while our poet tried to tell the phone operator that he never heard of such a place as Ogontz. At any rate, said Bill was temporarily A. W. O. L.

There is a hotel in Philly named after the eminent Bostonian, Ben Franklin. Massachusetts Headquarters was there, but they had no room for us. They went one better. They sent us to the hotel where he used to live. In fact,the doughty old Quaker, Bill Penn himself, must have stopped there. We were told that it had once been the best hotel in town, but they did not mention at what period of our national existence said rank was held. We will give it a little free advertising. When in Quakertown,¦ never go_to_the Windsor—unless on the quest of antiques.

After policing up the old countenance, we strolled back to the "Ben Franklin" and there, in the lobby, our eyes were greeted by a noble sight. JOCK MALONE, jauntily swinging a jolly stick and drinking deep at the wellspring of feminine pulchritude which abounded on every hand. PERCY WAITE and JOHN KELLY, also of the YD Post, soon put in an appearance. Followed a supper party in one of Mr. Child's spotless and hygienic mess shacks, our wants attended by a damsel whom Flo Ziegfeld overlooked. Flo might have, but not Jock. The rest of us, even Percy, were only also-rans when Jock swung into action. We don't recall what was eaten. Jock had oysters.

Later in the evening, when some of the party had set out for pastures new, George and your editor succeeded in unearthing the elusive BILL AVERY. To say he was overjoyed is a weak and ineffectual way of putting it. Seems he and George had grown up together in the old 8th Massachusetts. He spent the evening showing us the town, with a pride worthy of a native citizen.

Let us change our pace for a moment and describe that first night of the occupation of Philadelphia by the Legion troops in a serious manner. Not since the parade of the 26th Division in Boston in 1919 has it been our good fortune to witness humanity in the mass in such an overflowing of high spirits and possessed of such a boundless quantity of tolerance and good humor. The entire city, Legionnaires and citizens alike, seemed filled with a true carnival spirit. No cold formality, no need for introductions. Everybody wanted to shake everybody's hand. Everybody wanted a good time and nothing else but, and they were having it. The density of the crowd on Broad Street was almost unbelievable. Hatbands, armbands, flags or buttons from every State of the Union. The soft southern drawl blended with the sharp Yankee twang. Arizonans in wide brimmed sombreros, Floridans in vivid orange smocks, the lads and lassies from Ioway with their corn tossels,—the great national spirit of the war days burst forth again. For hour after hour, long past midnight, different State delegations, with their snappy bands or fife and drum corps in brilliant uniforms held sway up and down Broad Street, from which all vehicular traffic had been excluded. It was not so much what you saw or heard as what you felt, a melting away of the reserve of everyday life, the spirit of the "old days" all over again.

This is not an account of the Legion Convention. Elsewhere is a story of the glorious parade on Tuesday the twelfth. It is not the province of YANKEE DOINGS to cover the affairs of the entire week, but suffice to say that the holiday spirit never let down once. And everybody enjoyed themselves every minute.

George and your editor were rescued from their durance vile at the hotel on the following day and, for the rest of the week, commuted to the sovereign town of North Glenside, the home of the above mentioned Bill Avery.

Bill is a member of the Y. D. V. A. and had only one complaint to make. He hadn't seen his name in DOINGS for a couple of years. Well, here it is BILL in big type, and we want to inform the wide universe and surrounding territory that Bill and charming Mrs. Bill leave nothing to ask for as hosts. In these arid days, what higher praise could man receive?

One more episode ends what is already too long a yarn. It came near ending George's earthly span of years. To

reach our host's domicile from the North Glenside deppo, the commuter follows a spur track and cuts across a coal yard onto the road. What was our dismay, late one night as we were making this detour, to see George suddenly disappear before our very eyes. A hasty search revealed him reclining gracefully at the bottom of a coal pit between the rails. And we take oath that he hadn't had a drop that day. Upon hoisting him up to the level of the earth it was discovered that all was not in vain. In various pockets, shoes and ears, he had accumulated sufficient coal to repay our good hosts for all they had done for us.

Ladies and gentlemen, we thank you for your kind indulgence.

IS THIS GOING TOO FAR?

Recently a man out of the 102d Mach. Gun. Bn. paid us a visit with the following story to relate:

While riding in a street car of his adopted city of Detroit, he spotted a magazine, and being a bit curious for want of something to occupy the mind, the real thrill came when the title of the magazine showed it was YANKEE DOINGS.

Not being a member of the Y. D. Club, it sure made a hit with him, for even our DOINGS form a ghost-like habit for keeping in touch with former members of the division.

He read it carefully and when through gave it to a man who was of another division but very interested, inasmuch as it was an ex-service man's magazine. The paper then went towards Syracuse with the latter man, who we hope enjoyed it as much as we do.

This is traveling—and then some.

YD CLUB OF PORTLAND

On Wednesday, October 27, the President of the YD Club of Portland and seven members motored to Boston to attend the private showing of "The Big Parade." Members making the trip were President, GEORGE MORRILLS; Vice-President, FRANK DENSMORE; Secretary, PERCY R. W. WITHAM; Officer of the Day, BURT WORTHEY; LEON HALL, "Doc" LYNCH; Honorary Member, Mr. KING; and HAROLD KEATING, News Correspondent. The Club's standard of colors was taken along and DADDY EDWARDS was much pleased with the club's YD flag.

After the party, the boys motored back to Portland losing a perfectly good night's sleep, but all were happy that they had made the trip.

JESS MOODY (Co. C, 101st Engineers) was installed as sergeant-at-arms at the Ralph D. Caldwell Post, American Legion, of Woodfords, Portland, Maine.

After the parade on Armistice Day, memorial services will be held at Keith's Theatre for all departed comrades. The YD Club of Portland will take part in this service with other organizations, such as Veterans of Foreign Wars, American Legion Posts, etc. —"KEAT"

EDITOR YANKEE DOINGS:

Arrived home safely at 6 A. M. Thursday morning, perfectly sober and very cold. "Rhum" would have been in order every 15 miles if I had had my way about it. Our trip up and back was very delightful, and we surely did have a wonderful time at the First Corps Cadets Armory. It reminded me of the days back in 1917 when the Engineers were getting ready to start overseas,—the truck horns, the band practicing up in the balcony, and the different Captains lining up their companies. We were very sorry that we couldn't meet you at the Club Wednesday afternoon, but the glad hand down at the armory made us feel at home and we surely appreciated the co-operation that the buddies of the famous division extended to us.

We felt like coming back to Maine and putting that Memorial Fund right over the top! I have all the names of every YD man that left Maine in 1917, and I am going to put a piece in the daily papers to remind them of the big day to come when the illustrious YD's will sail across to France to perpetuate the memorial of our departed comrades. Some time the first of the year we are going to have a banquet and have General Edwards come to Portland. I'll invite you and some of the buddies to be with us that night.

Your engineer buddy,
—PERCY WITHAM (101st Engrs.)
27B Frederic St., Portland, Me.
October 30, 1926.

PHOENIX FLUTTERS

EDITOR OF YANKEE DOINGS:

Colonel Tandy's right-hand bower is here in town and said that he thought the Colonel would be in town next month. If that is so, we are going to try and arrange our dinner so that he can make it, as that was his request when he was here earlier in the year.

News is scarce. However, here are two items that you can run in under the 101st Infantry news.

JOHN J. HERNAN (Company G) is a resident of Phoenix now. Jack is looking fine and is having a lot of excitement since the Primary campaign started. He is working for Lewis W. Douglas, an ex-service man who is making the race for Congress, and our "Jawn" has been touring the State with him.

WALTER HENRY CARD (Company B)—Walter's address is 629 No. 6th Ave., Phoenix, Arizona. Walt is working for the Water Users' Association. We just uncovered the old boy about two weeks ago. It seems that when he gets back to the P. C. at night he don't volunteer for any other details, but does a whole lot of bunk fatigue. He seems to think that he will make the rifle this winter and get out to the dinners. If he don't show up at the first one, we'll sure rope him for the second.

ALKIE JOHNSON (101st Field Artillery)—the one and only Al. Proud and happy papa for the second time. This trip it's another man to suffer from saddle sores. I tell you Al's got a chest on him like a West Pointer these days.

ROY SYLVESTER (101st Signal Battalion). Roy has been under the weather all summer and had to take a leave of absence from the Santa Fe R. R., where he works, and go to the coast for awhile. He is back at the key once more and looks better than when he left, but there is still room for improvement.

Well I can't waste any more of the City's time on you. Life is too short. However, I trust that you are in the best of health and that you continue to prosper.

Sincerely yours,
—GEORGE L. BRANSCOMB (F Co., 101st Engrs.)
Phoenix, Ariz.

"Every man give one day's pay"

"THE TUMULT AND THE SHOUTING DIE"

By Col. William J. Keville

The writer has had the privilege of retracing the steps of the Yankee Division in "The Great Adventure," the "Big Parade" of 1918. The scene is shorn of excitement and battle, the olive drab of the gallant soldiers of the American Expeditionary Forces is strangely absent. With the tightening of heart strings and moist eyes of which we are unashamed, we look in vain for the buddies who wove the romance about experiences which made these now drab, silent villages famed in the war history of nations.

One is filled with admiration at the reconstruction of towns and reclamation of war-torn lands, remarkable as these accomplishments are, and although nature has done much to obliterate the terrible wounds of war, innumerable scars remain, and it is not difficult to visualize the devastation wrought in those stirring days of our Crusade for a great Cause.

In every village and town there have been erected monuments commemorative of the dead and the achievements of the armies of France. Every church has its roll of "Morts Pour France." Here and there the French have erected memorials to the valor of the American soldier. Certain of the States and a number of the American divisions have their monuments and memorials. British division memorials are constantly being dedicated, but, (it is a depressing thought) nowhere is there a distinctive mark of recognition of our 26th Division, save on the descriptive cards and the "Avenue 26th Division" in Belleau Woods,—"Le Nouvelle Angleterre Division," enshrined in the hearts and memories of grateful inhabitants of liberated villages, and our glorious dead on the Field of Honor, their resting place marked by white crosses "row on row" in the beautifully-kept American cemeteries.

Then what of our obligation? It would seem that no greater spur to our memorial project could be needed than the thought that eight years have passed since we left in blood-hallowed soil of France the priceless "Pals" of billet and battle, trench and shell-hole, muck and misery, sharers in joys and sorrows, now lying out there that we might live and carry on!

What of the glorious tradition of the Yankee Division? Who, if not the survivors, shall perpetuate it in enduring stone and bronze on ground where its story was written with a wealth of American blood and sacrifice!

Let us then reincarnate that splendid unsurpassed esprit which made victories possible, and again give tangible evidence that we do not forget that the immortal soul of the 26th Division is ever marching on!

FROM COUNT DE BOISROUVRAY

My dear Colonel Keville:—

Permit me, before your departure, to ask you kindly to transmit my salutations to my brothers-in-arms of the 26th Division. I learned to know them during the war, and I have always remained devoted to them.

When recalling with you the men and the deeds of the Yankee Division, I was thinking yesterday of the visit I made to the country hospital which your Health Service had built, with all the rapidity and improvements possible, in back of the Bois-Brule, to receive the American soldiers who had been affected by the gases which the Germans had used in that attack. I was telling you that I had left those wards with a heavy heart, after seeing those young, fine, vigorous men dying such a frightful death, more than 5,000 kilometers from home.

It is sure that if certain political and financial men had gone through this, they would speak differently. We, at least, who have had the honor of living these tragic hours together, cultivate and hold precious our feelings of comradeship and friendship.

It is in this spirit, my dear Colonel, that I have been very happy to see you again, and to speak with you of all our memories; and I sincerely hope that you will come back to us next year.

In the meantime, you may count upon me to help, to the best of my ability, in the erection of the commemorative monuments of the 26th Division. I will do my best.

Kindly receive, I beg you, my dear Colonel, the expression of my devoted and affectionate sentiments.

(Signed) COUNT DE BOISROUVRAY

Paris, October 14

AMOUNTS RECEIVED TO NOVEMBER 1

	Amt. Rec'd.	*Amt. Pledged*	*Total*
Div. Hq. Troop	$ 1,177.50	$ 230.00	$1,407.50
101st Inf.	957.46	178.00	1,135.46
101st F. A.	1,709.75	1,254.00	2,963.75
101st F. H.	34.00	5.00	39.00
101st Tr. M.	28.00	13.00	41.00
101st Supply Train	77.00	45.00	122.00
101st San. Train.	88.50	10.00	98.50
101st F. Signal Bn.	152.00	62.00	214.00
101st Tr. Hq. & M. P.	133.00	25.00	158.00
101st M. G. Bn.	301.29	45.00	346.29
101st M. O. R. S.	9.00		9.00
101st Engrs.	1,574.70	436.50	2,011.20
101st Amm. Tr.	350.00	165.00	515.00
102nd Inf.	636.53	217.10	853.63

102nd F. A.	$1,213.25	$217.75	$1,431.00
102nd F. H.	29.00	126.00	155.00
102nd M. G. Bn.	539.80		539.80
102nd Amb.	23.00	16.00	39.00
103rd Inf.	732.20	311.50	1,043.70
103rd F. A.	943.50	170.00	1,113.50
103rd F. H.	30.00	20.00	50.00
103rd M. G. Bn.	151.00	60.00	211.00
103rd Amb.	148.00	10.00	158.00
104th Inf.	756.40	321.50	1,077.90
104th F. H.	50.50	15.00	65.50
104th Amb.	30.00	10.00	40.00
51st Art. Brigade	478.00		478.00
52nd Inf. "	32.33	10.00	42.33
51st Inf. "	28.40	145.00	173.40
Misc.	847.54	156.00	1,003.54
	$13,261.65	$4,274.00	$17,536.00

Amt. Received	$13,261.65	1,417 Donors
Interest	54.25	510 Pledges
Total to date	$13,315.90	1,927 Total

INDIVIDUAL CONTRIBUTIONS

(In addition to those previously acknowledged)

CASH

Arthur S. Waldron
Wm. McGinnis
Edwin E. McConnell
Emerson G. Taylor
Nelson W. McCormick
Dr. Fred C. Wilder
Cliff Whitten
E. E. Hatch
Martin F. Gayette
R. F. Olson
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John P. Bryne
H. R. Hanna
Walter F. Ohneck
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Dr. Chas. S. Walker
Raymond S. Chace
Harry E. Horn
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F. A. Spooner
Joseph St. Amand
Chas. J. Nikon
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Paul Kachele
Howard C. Leslie
Harwood W. Knox
Gustav Gunderson
Harry A. Worcester
James W. Cooper
Wm. E. Rowan (and sister)
Samuel H. Johnson
Geo. F. O'Brien
Ralph Harney
Stanley Eykey
E. J. Ferguson
Eugene A. Hamilton
Edward F. Towsend
Stuart A. Atkins
Francis Dowd
Walter McLennon
George Wottrick
Chas. V. Sidell
Ladies' Auxiliary to Corp. R. E. Hoyt Post, Cambridge
Henry E. Dermody, Jr.
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R. E. Choens
Gerhard T. Johnson
Leslie W. Connor
Winthrop Faulkner
Elmer D. Mackey
Wm. F. Charboneau
Basil L. Kinney
Victor M. Davis
George M. Sherman
James R. O. Perkins
Wm. J. McColl
Henry J. Clarke
Mrs. Adela Valdes
  In memory of
  Emmet C. Barnes
Daniel J. Kenney
Hiram W. Mills
Paul C. Balch
H. B. Hinckley
  In memory of
  Corp. Frederick A. Dowd
Wilson S. Falls
George S. Achorn
W. E. Bright, Jr.
A. D. Randlett
E. H. Marrett
Gustave O. Wilson
Prentiss Shepherd
John E. Downey
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John E. Johnson
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Lewis A. McIntire
Wm. H. Young
Wm. A. Moody
Charles B. Johnson
Stanley Clifford
James Conners
Robert O. Blood
Francis W. Wheeler
Sewall C. Brown
Peter E. Traub
Willis P. Mould
T. R. Covey
Geo. H. Taylor
Henry St. Aubin
Chester L. Matthews
Ralph S. Lawrence
Peter Laborde
Coburn Smith
Paul H. Preston
Walter J. Ripley, Jr.
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Thos. F. Mezza
Geo. Coughlin
Wm. R. Buckminster
Newell Flood
Edwin Hobbs
John B. Wheeler
Brackett Parsons
Chas. H. Bronlow
H. F. Hartwell

PLEDGES

Gerhard T. Johnson
John E. Downey
Mrs. Chas. Fogg
Duncan Wm. MacLeod
Herbert Edward Jeffrey
Wm. A. Sullivan
John H. Smith
Arthur T. Rogerson
Wm. J. Brown
A. J. Furdon

IN FAVOR OF THE CHURCH

EDITOR OF YANKEE DOINGS:

The last issue of DOINGS was very interesting, and most of the YD Gang of Holyoke think that the Memorial should be the rebuilding of Belleau Church on the site near the Cemetery, and if enough money is obtained, to erect a suitable monument.

No doubt by this time you have received the Club's donation to the Memorial Fund. —E. J. SLATE
271 Franklin St., Holyoke, Mass.

TAPS

WALTER LEWIS UPTON (Co. B, 101st Inf.) passed away at his home in Everett, Mass., on October 19, 1926.

News of the death of EUGENE A. VALDES, 917 14th Ave., Tampa, Florida, has just been received.

It has also just come to our notice that EMMETT C. BARNES (102d Field Hospital) was killed on April 6, 1924, while on police force in Kansas City, Mo.

YD MEN AT RUTLAND

Gordon R. Thurston sends the following list of YD men who are at U. S. V. Hospital 89, Rutland, Mass.

Whitehead, James W.	*101st M. O. R. S.*
Thurston, Gordon R.	*Batt. F, 101st F. A.*
Taffe, Thomas J.	*Batt. D, 102d F. A.*
Sheehan, William J.	*101st Field Sig. Bn.*
Purchase, Albert	*Co. A, 104th Inf.*
Peterson, John E.	*Batt. D, 103d F. A.*
McLaughlin, William	*101st Field Sig. Bn.*
McGrath, Philip M.	*Co. A, 102d M. G. Bn.*
Lonergan, John	*Co. F, 101st Inf.*
King, Jacob W.	*Co. A, 101st Eng.*
Higgins, William	*Batt. B, 102d F. A.*
Carlson, Herbert C.	*Hqs. Co., 26th Div.*
Burch, Charles	*103d M. G., Bn.*
Douyard, Arthur	*Co. M, 102d Inf.*
Stevens, Charles	*Batt. E, 102d F. A. (Guard at Hospital)*

HOW MEDICOS ARE MADE

By Lyman B. Cozzens

If Aunt Bertha had been present when I joined the army she might have said, "I didn't raise my boy to be a medical man." But nobody else could account for it either. I just drifted into the Armory and became one. At least they gave me that name. And even now, I don't know whether to be proud or ashamed. It might prove disastrous to ask any of those I treated what they think about it.

It was in June, 1917, that with great indecision I went down to the First Corps of Cadets. I was not at all sure that I wanted to join. In fact, I was quite sure I did not.

I had had an idea on Monday that to die would be a most unpleasant experience in the life of one so young.

So on Tuesday I forgot all about it.

On Wednesday somebody told me he was in the Medical Department and they needed more men; that they were going right over to France; that the life of a Medical man on the field was 30 minutes, and a lot more stuff like that. I don't know whether you would call it propaganda for or against. I couldn't tell whether he was trying to get me in or out.

Be that as it may, I found all my friends going and I couldn't be left alone on the streets of the town. So, after changing my mind every day in the week, on Saturday I went down to join, not at all pleased with my decision.

I signed what I considered to be my death warrant in the lower hall, and was told to go up to the doctor to be examined.

As the doctor's door was closed when I reached it, I had a strong temptation to run while the running was good, but while I was trying to plan some definite action, it suddenly opened and without any preliminaries a voice immediately spoke. "Do you know any reason why you would be refused?" As I thought of it afterwards, there were a number of things I might have said, but he scared me so I just meekly said, "No" and he ushered me in.

He wasn't a nice sort of person. He snapped his words off as if he was afraid of being misunderstood.

He said, "Take off your clothes," just like that.

It took me all of a sudden. I was entirely unprepared for such a demand. It wasn't what I would have done if I had had my own way, but it seemed it was his way, and I took them off.

They put a loud speaker on my chest and listened in. They did a lot of things that I suppose they thought necessary. I was passed from one to another and insulted generally. One asked me a dirty question, but I said "No, not since I was a baby." It wasn't politics, but they wanted to be sure whether I was wet or dry. They vaccinated me and counted my teeth and hit my knee with a mallet, and then I was a soldier.

I was then given a uniform and proceeded to examine "rookies" and do just as they had done to me. As each one came in, I snapped, "Take off your clothes," and he did.

This went on merrily for a time and just as I was beginning to think I was General Pershing, we were herded together, the Medical men, and sent up to Wentworth Institute. There I learned that we were called the Sanitary Detachment and were told to clean the toilets.

I knew then that I never should have joined the army. I thought of protesting, for I knew Aunt Bertha would never approve of that sort of thing for her "joy and pride," but on sober second thought, I wisely decided to obey.

We armed ourselves with hoses and squirted water and sylpho-napthol everywhere, and then swept the flood into a hole in the floor. That was a lot of fun.

I kept finding the army quite an institution of pleasure and pastime. We established a dispensary at Wentworth, and when we were not squirting water downstairs we were serving C. C. Pills and iodine upstairs.

I didn't know anything about medicine at the time nor do I now, but we had a good time while it lasted, for, know ye all of you, a man who is supposed to know medicine is given the right of way by all humanity.

He can have everything he wants.

Right from the first I began to notice this. I was quite puffed up by my standing and did some strutting about in my superiority. I was only a private and a private in the Medical Department was just a little less than a private anywhere else, but nobody knew it.

In my own group I was just as much a nobody as anybody else in the same group. But on special detail with one of the companies, nobody was quite sure just what my rating equalled or how far I could be bossed by the officers. Consequently, the officers just kept off me as an unknown quantity and I was given a place with the non-coms—except when my own Major appeared. He knew exactly where I belonged and proceeded to put me there. Then my mantle of authority dropped off. My glory departed.

From the first I was given an ink pad and plenty of paper and proceeded to take finger prints, smearing ink all over the fellows' hands and wiping it off one finger at a time on the charts so that they never could be identified. Most of the regiment passed through my hands in this capacity. This was a lot of fun.

Then they all filed past me again to be vaccinated. But when it came to innoculation, I hid myself away near a window and pretended not to know what was going on. But an officer found me. "Cozzens, have you done any of this innoculating?"

I said, "No, and I hope I never will."

"Well, come over here. We want everybody to have some experience in it."

So I was led over to the long line of naked men and given the needle to try my luck. It was awful. I know I didn't do it right. I am sure I felt a lot worse than my first victim. But he was a man and a soldier. He stood there without a tremor and let me do my worst. I wish I knew who he was, for at this late date I would go to him and humbly beg forgiveness.

The second one was not so bad and after some practice,

I did it so well that it didn't hurt me a bit. But there are a lot of men in the regiment who will never know what they escaped at my hands.

Nobody ever taught me anything so I never knew anything. When out on detail, a bottle of pills or medicine being sent to me, all I could do was read directions and administer it to the first one who was unfortunate enough to be near when it arrived, pleased and happy to be the first one in on the new bottle.

The Major had given orders that we be instructed and no doubt thought the order was carried out, but the only lesson I remember was a talk on broken bones, but as none have ever come under my observation, I am still waiting to practice the knowledge I absorbed on that momentous occasion.

Meanwhile, they would stop me at all times and ask, "What's good for a cold?" In such cases, I would look thoughtful for a moment, and then with great dignity prescribe a C. C. Pill.

REMINISCENCES
By "Diablo"

Sitting in my office, after a fine luncheon, which cost me nothing, smoking an excellent cigar and quite content with the world, I can see several aeroplanes in all sorts of formation overhead, and by noting the morning paper find this to be Army and Navy Day. Hence the display of which many have never seen equal.

Memories come back to me of a memorable evening close to the front up in the Argonne. Being subject to bad teeth, I was suffering with one of my molars which was in the last stages of decay, and after much searching for a dentist,—yes we had some of them with us, but it seemed they got lost when the lines moved up,—I ran across the regimental surgeon, and to him I told my story of woe. What a gory spectacle he was. He had just amputated a leg or a head and looked like a bull fighter, all of which made me feel better. I forget his name, but I hope to meet him some day. He volunteered to remove the cause of my agony.

Placing me against a tree, he had another fellow grasp my arms behind and forthwith produced a pair of pliers which usually are used on repair work of an automobile. When I saw these I decided that the molar was in good condition, but he insisted and so the operation commenced. After much maneuvering he got hold of the tooth, and suddenly the sky was black with aeroplanes which made a terrific din as they went over us, and then a blinding flash, and I concluded the whole darn bunch had fallen on me. I came to, and the Surgeon handed me the tooth and very kindly said, "Rinse your mouth with warm water every hour or so." I often wondered if he was laughing to himself as he said it. I was then privileged to watch the greatest demonstration of aeroplanes I ever witnessed.

Reports afterward said that there were some 250 of them in the sky on their way up to assist the "Lost Battalion," and I do not doubt it in the least. Anyway they certainly gave "Jerry" an hour or two of anxiety, as nearly all carried bombs and with their machine guns raked his lines, and succeeded in dropping some supplies to the boys cut off. Many who were fortunate or unfortunate enough to be up in the Argonne will recall this spectacle as one of the outstanding sights during the conflict.

"IN THE GARDEN OF MY HEART"

In the garden of my heart
Grew a flower sweet and rare,
One I loved and cherished
And gave the tend'rest care.

But now that flower has faded,
Angels have taken her away,
Leaving to me just memories
At the closing of the day.

I had learned to love that little rose
Who gained entrance to my heart,
And little did I ever dream
So soon were we to part.

My life she filled with sunshine,
Although she was but three;
As twilight shadows softly fall,
I long to have her on my knee.

If I again could have my darling
Who in my heart still holds a place,
I'd give the world and all its gold
Just to kiss her smiling face.

'Tis only in my broken dreams
I see that little pal of mine,
But some day we'll meet in heaven—
Then my heart no more shall pine.

But what's the use of sighing,
I'll face life with a smile,
For the shadows I see will pass away
When we meet again in a little while.

—DENNIS J. CROWLEY
West Haven, Conn. U. S. Veterans' Hospital No. 41

101st U. S. ENGINEERS' WELFARE ASSOCIATION

At the regular meeting on October 4th the members of the Association had the pleasure of being addressed by Miss Eugenie Foss on "The Veterans' Preference Act."

Tea was served by Headquarters Company.

October 18th was "Dollar Day" at the Armory. A luncheon was served by the Club Aluminum Co., gratis, after which the members enjoyed a style show, some of the members acting as models, by the L. and G. Dress Shop. Each member contributed a dollar which had been earned during the summer and told the method of earning it, some of which were very amusing.

At 2 P. M., November 6th, the Annual Bazaar will open at the Armory, and at 6 o'clock there will be a chicken pie supper.

There will be candy, food, fancy, children's apron, and "white elephant" tables, as well as a mystery table to intrigue both old and young.

The bazaar is under the direction of Mrs. Samuel Landon.

—L. H. T.

Jenks—"He cleaned up a fortune on crooked dough."
Jinks—"Counterfeiter?"
Jenks—"No, pretzel manufacturer."

OUTBURSTS FROM THE OLD OUTFITS

G. W. Twombly

(Associate Editor)

COMPANY A, 102d MACHINE GUN BN.

We congratulate THOMAS H. SHEPPARD on the first by-mail contribution to our column. (Not very good support from over 300 men to our two years' endeavor to keep you informed.)

Tom was recently promoted from the New York office of Philip Ruxton, Inc., to be their Cincinnati representative. He says: "I met JOHN MCSWAN away from his usual diggings not long ago. He is working in and around Cleveland and if you want to meet him, just stand out in front of the Hotel Statler for five minutes any day the sun is shining." Tom signed off at 3946 Marburg Ave., Hyde Park, Cincinnati, Ohio.

It appears that if we are to keep M. P.'s advised as to "Long John's" billet, we'll have to request weekly issues of YANKEE DOINGS. (Attempting to write a column once a month is enough, thank you.)

Back to his old training grounds comes THOMAS H. ROOT. Tom is a safe breaker for Diebold Safe and Lock Co., 108 Sudbury St., Boston. He didn't display his equipment, so do not know whether he uses Bengalore torpedoes, nitroglycerine, or a hair-pin.

Many Boston "A" boys have regularly attended the past few monthly YD Club entertainments. Come to our Wednesday luncheons at the Chamber of Commerce, and hear the secret orders as to our jumping off place and the "H" hour. Probably the wife will be glad to have you out one evening a month with the boys.

If you enjoy reading about your buddies, help keep this column alive by sending in some of the news you are hoarding. Again we say—write A. C. HAVLIN, 39 Boylston St., Boston. —A. C. H.

103d INFANTRY

Received a nice long letter from ELMER LEBLANC (Ex. Top-Kick, M. G. Company) who is now located in Almirante, Panama, with the United Fruit Co. Elmer has been in the tropics for four years now and is head clerk in the Material and Supply Department. He is going to try and make the trip to France next year. The postscript on his letter states that, "Yes, they have Bananas."

PRENTISS C. PREBLE (M. G. Co.), better known as "Hank," is selling Packards in Boston. Hank was M. G. Co. "Windjammer," and once went to Paris (A. W. O. L.) and on his return the Captain took away his "little tin horn." JOE CLEMENT also accompanied him on his Paris trip.

We all extend our sympathy to BOB REID (Sgt. M. G. Co.) in the loss of Mrs. Reid.

LT. ROLAND CROOK has signed up with the YD Legion Post.

Will the corporal of M. G. Co. from West Somerville who sent in the above news please make himself known.

Both "Mother" HAROLD MCHEER and FRED SHAW were recently seen in Boston on Washington Street. Seems though they had wandered pretty far from home.

Congratulations are being offered to friend RAYMOND RIEL (M. G. Co.) on the arrival of a daughter Marjorie. "Chink," as he was generally known, made the famous remark about "always keep your feet in the alert position when at the front."

This bird must have served at Regimental Headquarters.

A certain young man sent his youngster to school. After a week the kid came home with a report from the teacher. It read:

"Your son is bright, but he talks too much."

He sent the report back like this:

First indorsement.

From: Papa.

To: Teacher.

Subject: Son.

1. Agreed.
2. You ought to hear his mother.

Got a letter from WALTER LESSARD (Sgt., Co. E) with several bits of news. He received a visit from LESTER WALKER (Sgt., Co. E) who came all the way from Athens, Maine.

The two of them paid a visit to Ex-Top-Kick BILL DEMO. Bill was discharged in 1917 on account of one wife and seven children.

Sgt. MAURICE WALKER (Co. E) toured Maine this last fall and renewed old acquaintances. He hails from the "Holy City," Lebanon, N. H.

JOHN DUSTIN (Sgt., Co. E), who was badly gassed in France, is in poor health. His home is in Plymouth, N. H., and he would be glad to hear from any of the boys.

Location of some of the Co. E boys: BASIL M. HADLOCK (Ex-Corp.) Immigration Officer at Canaan, Vt. Right on the line boys. Let's call and see Basil.

HERBERT F. CALDEN (Sgt.) billets in Lakeport, N. H., and works for the B. and M. R. R.

SGT. WINSLOW, formerly of California, is working at the Fish Hatchery at Rutland, Vt.

HERBERT MUZZY is located at Alstead, N. H.

FRED AIKEN works for Dartmouth College at Hanover, N. H.

HENRY KETCHUM, Lakeport, N. H., and ALMEDAS GUILMETTE, Woodsville, N. H., both work for the B. and M. R. R.

LAWRENCE PIKE works at the Fish Hatchery at Warren, N. H. We nominate him "Mr. Pike of the Fish Hatchery" for Philip Hale's "Hall of Fame."

ARTHUR JESSMAN who was reported "Killed in Action," is very much alive and works on the State Highway in Piermont, N. H.

Thanks to W. G. HOUGHTON (Ex-Corp., Co. D), better known as "Limie" for the list of D Co. Limie parks his hobnails in his old home town, Hudson, N. H.

Please send any 103d Infantry notes to E. K. HALE, Worumbo Mfg. Co., Lisbon Falls, Maine.

—E. K. H.

101st INFANTRY

"H-er COMP."

The H Company, 101st Infantry Veterans Association, passed another milestone in ITS history, when, on Wednesday night, October 13th, the Annual Meeting and Election was held. People claim that the 13th of the month is an unlucky day. It certainly was for us on this day as the rain came down in torrents all night and consequently our attendance was way below what we expected, but still some 30 odd members of the Association were present. The old officers of the Association were re-elected for the coming year: EVERETT CASWELL, *President*; JIM POWERS, *Secretary*; and JACK SHIELDS, *Treasurer*.

The membership in the Association up to this time has more than doubled that of the entire paid members of last year. We hope by Christmas to have 75% of the eligible members of old "H—er Comp." paid up in the Association.

On Thursday night the much talked of smoker was held at the club and the hall was packed to the limit. We feel it was a great success in all ways, and wish to thank all of the YD fellows for the part they played in making it such.

On looking over the membership roster of the club we find up until this time that H Company leads all the line companies of the 101st Infantry. It's hard to say just where we will be after the membership drive, because there is a lot of the old gang from other companies who are working hard to increase the membership from their companies in the Club.

NED WEAVING has been very active of late to the extent of being the first one at the last two affairs. He's the same old Ned. When all cafes were closed, Ned could always find a way to satisfy his thirst, and he is maintaining these traditions.

We hear that SCOTTIE ETTOS lost his job, through resentment. He resented a statement made by his boss that all men who were in the late war were bums, and Scottie resented this remark to the extent that he left him (his boss) with a swell black eye.

BILLY HAYES has been laid up with a sore foot got while attending the V. F. W. Convention at El Paso. First Information received had it that he got bit by a Mexican jumping bean, but we find this information was all wrong.

We had a lot of volunteer story tellers at the smoker, most of whom we did not put on for reasons known by the stage manager. After hearing a few samples, we decided,—well, anyway, we had plenty of talent.

We invited GENERAL EDWARDS to attend our Annual Banquet on Armistice Eve, sending out the invitation some five weeks in advance, thinking we would beat out the rest and have first call, but we found out that there were earlier birds than we, and that he had an engagement already accepted in New Hampshire for this date. We are going to send the General an Invitation to our banquet next year now, and see if we can be the early birds for next year.

—E. C.

ENGINEER ENTRIES

B COMPANY

ARTHUR GOOD reports the arrival of Madame X, weighing in at seven pounds "Bed-side." She will be given a registered name after Arthur has had time to peruse the telephone directory.

Shades of Charles Ponzi!—who arrived in town the other night but BOWDOIN GREGSON up on an A. W. O. L. visit from Portland. First time he has pounded the sidewalks of Boston since he received his diploma at Devens. Looks the same and feels much better.

At the "Big Parade" showing the other night the following "B" men were present: MALCOLM WARREN (How he found his way in from Newton to Boston is more than we know); FRANK HANLON (brother of George, of course); our one-time honored company clerk, DAN BOONE, was there having skipped out for the second time this month; SPUD WHITNEY (he thought the music was noise at his factory and was lulled to sleep thereby); JOHN GOOD, casting an eagle eye around to see just how much of a fire risk the Armory is and wondering who places the insurance; CAPTAIN JOHNNY was on deck as usual; MACDONALD the cook —our error, the Mess Sergeant, which is quite different; RED COLE, supporting MacDonald; SPENCE ROSS; JOHN MUNDIE; BILL COYE, BUD NEWCOMB (who was glad he came); PAUL PRESTON, looking more youthful than ever; CURLEY NORRIS, the giant of "B" Company; STURE NELSON, a close runner-up to Curley; NAPOLEON PIERRE COONEY; MEL HARLOW, and probably a few more whom we didn't see.

BART SHAW is the proud, or otherwise, father of a new son, born some time ago. As Bart's first one is inflicted with the name of Bartlett Murdock Shaw, 3d, we suppose that the new arrival to make things easy will be known as the "Fourth."

The A. B. See Elevator Co. bids fair to become a success in spite of its president's views on women. They have sent BUTTERS down to Hartford, Connecticut, in charge of the office for that district.

—V. B. H.

C COMPANY

A poor month for news. The crowd simply will not send in news items. We are wonders at doing things, but for telling about them—that is a different story. Modesty was always our watchword. If you want a column here you have got to loosen up once in a while.

The two big things that are engaging our attention now are the Memorial Fund and a drive for an increase in membership (and effectiveness) of the Boston YD Club. If there

is a man who reads these lines who has not come across on the first proposition, it is his bounden duty to the memories of the "buddies" he left behind in France to send in his contribution tonight. In the latter—we are doing nicely,—thank you.

Some of the out-of-town men who have put down their names are LACOURSE, at Auburn, Maine; WALLIE HILL, New York; "MOTHER" PIERCE from Philadelphia, not to mention EARL KENT, of New York; STORM and CAPTAIN ROTCH. Every man that can possibly do it, ought to be a member of the Boston Club.

On Wednesday, October 27, at a meeting of the Club, the "Big Parade" was shown, and some twenty "C" men were on hand. Among them were: JOE LEAHY, HEALD, NORMIE WRIGHT, BILL MUNROE, PRICE, MCMAHON, RILEY, RIBERO, HARRIS, GEORGE MORISON, BILL BEATTIE, SID WHITAKER, H. E. SMITH, FLEISHNER, ZOLLINGER, CARTER, TYLER, and KILLION (who appeared after an A. W. O. L. of seven years). It was good, and everybody said that the men who did not show up certainly missed something.

Don't forget the next meeting of the "C" Association is Saturday, January 15, 1927, at the YD Club of Boston. Save the date. Important announcements later.

WAT CASWELL and MISS ELIZABETH NORFLETT were recently married. Very hearty congratulations and best wishes from every C man.

PEIRCE on his recent visit here was well satisfied with the smoker. He was in custody of our old, but never to be forgotten, ART WALDRON, who also voiced his opinion for the yea's.

If any C Company men care to come to the smokers, they have a cordial invitation from H. E. SMITH, NORM CARTER and ZOLL, who will welcome them.

H. E. SMITH (who by the way is becoming quite a dancer with Mrs. Smith) saw TEDDY KENT recently when he was over to New York. Ted had asked for many of the gang of old C Company. Should he hear of any news from GEISCHEICHER he certainly will send the news along.

ED RIBERO, just back from Maine, had good luck in seeing TED (Sgt.) MCDONALD where he lives with the Mrs. at Mechanic Falls. We sure are glad to hear from Ted and at his request an application is on the way from the YD Club. Also a copy of the well-known YANKEE DOINGS. Ed also saw CHUCKIE CHURCHILL, who seems to keep on looking well.

Ed has forsaken the city proper and has decided to stay in Franklin, Mass., where he will maintain his house and home for his great family, which we hope will fulfill their hopes.

—C. W. H.

D COMPANY

Rumor has it that BILL SPRAGUE was married the first of October.

GEORGE F. KENNEDY was in Boston last week on a business trip. George spent part of his time calling on his old buddy.

POP YOULDIN is organizing a new squad,—he already has three members, his youngest recruit being born in April.

We hear that ALFRED CHAPMAN is soon to enter into double harness.

RAY PINKHAM is becoming very active in Boston real estate, is handling quite a number of properties in the Back Bay.

We do not believe that many of NELSON FISHER'S friends realize the reputation he is making in his line as an Illustrator-Designer. He has rapidly forged to the front since the war.

—E. F. W.

F COMPANY

At the outset of the drive for members of the YD Club, F Company, of the 101st Engineers, had the greatest number of members, all classes, and the greatest number of resident members of any company, or unit of equal size, in the 26th Division. Whether it still holds that notable distinction at the close of the drive is up to the boys themselves.

There was a whale of a bunch of F men at "The Big Parade" at the Armory on October 27. Some of those we met were: LEW FLANDERS, CARL WHITELEY, CHARLES DAVIS, JOHN ALSEN, GEORGE BARCLAY, PAUL EMERSON, PHIL PALMSTROM, AL DAY, PHIL SANBORN, GEORGE CLARK.

ROBERT L. JOHNSON, of Brazil, Indiana, is one of the latest of F Company to join the YD Club.

WANTED: A man from old F Company to dish up this column of notes every month. Honest, with all the rest of the darn paper to attend to, the best little company of all is getting sadly neglected. Who'll volunteer?

—P. N. S.

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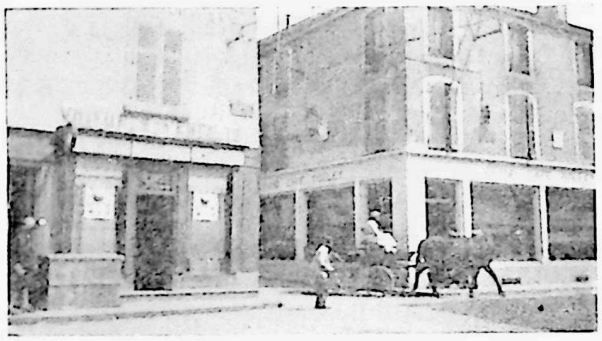
CONGRATULATIONS

Born on Friday, October 29, a son to Mr.and Mrs. RALPH M. EASTMAN (E Co., 101st Engrs.).

NEUFCHATEAU

EDITOR YANKEE DOINGS:

I was in France this summer and over the old ground known so well to the YD boys. The church in Belleau which you propose rebuilding is well known to me and I heartily endorse that admirable plan, as well as the site for a monument as recommended by our Bill Blake. France needs useful memorials, rather than piles of expensive granite which do them no good and might do us much harm. It is only natural that they would be a little bitter towards a people who spent millions of francs for monuments, when there are so many things which need rebuilding; things which contribute to their welfare and happiness. When the boys go over again in 1927 they will see a startling change,—for the ever thrifty and hard working French peasant has tackled a seemingly impossible task and transformed the battlefields into beautiful fields of grain and picturesque little towns of neat stone cottages.



I am also enclosing a snapshot taken in Neufchateau from in front of Geoffrier's jewelry store (he was out of town but I had a very interesting talk with his mother-in-law), showing the narrow street which passed by the Hotel de Ville to Jeanne d'Arc Square. The Cafe on the corner has a new front, and the inside is as interesting as ever.

Very truly yours,

—ROY E. BEAMAN (Hdqtrs. Co., 101st Inf.)

17 Sever St., Plymouth, Mass.

"What's the fuss in the schoolyard, sonny?" asked a gentleman passing a ward school.

"Why, the doctor's just been around examin' us, an' one of the deficient boys is knockin' the stuffin' out of a perfect kid."

A "CASUAL" CONVERSATION

By Mary B. Williams

So you were in the mix-up too!
What unit? You say "Forty-seven"?
You can tell 'em too, 't was a good little war,
But it wasn't exactly Heaven.

I was one of the "Casual Nurses"
Went over in Eighteen—June.
Saw your unit drill at the Armory—
You were gone the following noon.
We put on the Exhibition Drill
That you were slated for;
Didn't we work? I'll say we did,
Work was what won the war.

Of course you know how it was with us—
So many thrills per day
That only a few of the bigger ones
Are here in my mind to stay.
Did we fight "The Battle of Paris"?
I'd hardly call it that.
My millinery outfit was
One regulation hat
Made in the style they now call "Cloche"
Taken from one of the dead,
And very popular when "Shrap"
Was bursting overhead.
My gas mask? The Sarge who issued it
Said: "Lady, it's—good as new,
It was only on a minute
When its owner was done through.
It's good for the full time listed;
He never breathed it that youth.
I took it from his mouth myself
So I know that's God's own truth."

I scrubbed the mouthpiece with alcohol
While my stomach twisted and turned;
But I put it on at drill time
For my patriotism burned
When I thought of our men!
If they were game
To do the things they did—
Under orders—then it was up to me
To do as I was bid.

We were sent up to front line duty
In the Chateau Thierry drive—
A first aid station back of the line,
A tragic bewildering hive
Of mud and blood, and shell-torn men;
It's no use to try to tell
The horror of it. A sorrowful
Man-made, Earth-born Hell.
The noises! Oh, God—the noises!
The planes—the smells—the debris!
The screams of the shells—the screams of the men.
(The morphine gave out at three.)

The "Order to evacuate"
Was given at half-past two.
We did not stop to heed it
There was work for us to do.
A shout from a white-faced orderly
From the blanketed entrance door,
And there was one of our Generals
Speaking to me through the roar:
"This Evacuation Order—Nurse—
Issued an hour ago—
Why not obeyed? I am afraid
You haven't a ghost of a show.
The Division retreats any minute!
They're holding the line for you—
If you hesitate—you'll be too late,
You never can make it through."
"There are many reasons, General,"
And I led where a blood-soaked lad,
His left lung shot to pieces,
Was writing to his dad.
Just a boy—grim faced and gasping—
Stemming the tides of Death
'Til he'd written to his loved ones
That he must leave on earth.
"That's one of the reasons, General,
I can show you a hundred more,
While we've men like that to show the way
Not a nurse will pass that door."
And I showed him my splendid nurses
Each sticking to her work,
In spite of War or Death or Hell,
Not one had time to shirk.

Mumbling—swearing—weeping,
Stumbling with spur shod feet—
"Christ, God!" he cried—"you women!
The Division cannot retreat."
Stumbling and swearing, he left us.
And they said, on that blood-soaked sod,
Where the line was bending and breaking,
His acts were inspired by God.
The division held! We were cut off—
There under the flame-split sky.
Well—it's hard to tell "Who won the War"
And just the reason why.

—A. R. C., No. 13964.

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Lady Next Door—"Yes, with pleasure. Where is it?"
Little Boy—"I think it's stuck in your cat."

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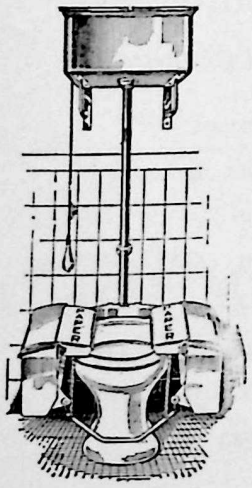

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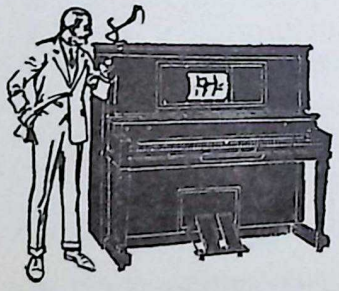

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